

# BLUE GRASS BLADE

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## A LIVING A SOUL

### And How to Make It the Fundamental Belief of Majority in One Goes for Naught Problem of Life Since the Human When Weight of Wisdom is With Family Came Into Existence the Minority

(By Channing Severance.)

The fundamental problem of life is how to make a living, and there has never been any other since the forces of Nature produced the human biped, and he began the endless struggle for existence. Back of this problem most of the crimes find birth for which jails are built, and it has also been a great factor in causing insanity and suicide. Work and worry have worn out and cut short the lives of large numbers of human beings; and enforced idleness, with its attendant melancholy, depression of spirits and general disgust with life, has insured much mental misery and many physical ailments.

The great majority of mankind have always lived in a state of uncertainty, and as the old saying has it, "From hand to mouth." Without homes or personal property enough to insure them against want if long idle, they have lived and struggled under social conditions that were always unjust, partial and full of privileges for the few. The reason for this is found in the fact that shrewd and selfish men with superior intellects, have made laws and enforced them for personal gain and benefit. Under statute laws the greatest of evils have been generated and permitted to flourish; and to such laws alone we trace the great inequalities of wealth and the extremes of poverty and riches.

One of the greatest wrongs that statute laws have connected with our boasted civilization has been and is in the private ownership of land, for it has placed in the hands of a minority of our race the power to keep the great majority from owning or having the use of any without paying tribute to them. Land must be included in the natural rights of all men, the same as the air they breathe, for that which is indispensable to all life must belong equally to all while here to need it. As it is impossible to get off the earth while living, one must have standing room and a place to make his home, even if he does not till the soil for a living. Yet untold millions are denied this natural right until they have bought and paid for it. How many people who never have a home of their own might have one if not compelled to buy the land on which to build a habitation of some kind? In all cities there are thousands of vacant lots which the owners do not live on and never intend to use; and yet, through the power of a paper title resting on the power of the laws, they prevent those who would gladly make homes thereon from so doing, because they are unable to pay the price demanded. Such things are a disgrace to civilization, and should be denounced and condemned until such a damnable wrong is abolished. There can be no such thing as equal opportunities in this world while private ownership of land exists, and no person should be allowed to control or monopolize one foot of land that he does not use or occupy; and the establishment of such a condition in society would do more to remove poverty and lessen crime than any other one thing.

Again, the monopoly of natural resources, with the wage system to compel the worker to give his employer the largest part of his productions, is another grievous wrong and an additional cause of poverty and crime.

Statute laws which uphold these things and make them possible

are what Socialism is trying to change and destroy. So when I see certain Free thinkers jumping onto Socialism, and denouncing Socialists as fools or crazy mortals, I can but think that facts in large numbers go to prove they rightly deserve the appellations they apply to Socialists. These flip throwers of invectives and words that embody nothing but general condemnation of Socialism, have no definite and well-defined objections to offer; and they avoid details in condemning it as they throw out their bitter accusations with surprising force and rapidity when just changes in systems and governments are considered, it looks queer to say the least.

Of all men, the Free thinker should be in favor of progress, of new ideas and methods that will increase human comfort and happiness, and he should be the first to welcome a departure from old and worn-out customs that work evil and injustice. But prejudice is a human characteristic, and none of us are free from it at times, and in this case it seems to be playing an active part; for enlightened self-interest should draw thinking men to Socialism by the great inducements it offers. We all know that the concentration of wealth, which has always carried with it the abuse of political power, has caused the downfall of every nation recorded in history, and never since history was written has wealth concentrated so rapidly as here in the United States since the Civil War. From two millionaires at that time, we now have so many we cannot keep track of them, and the extremes between the rich and the poor are widening daily. It is therefore safe to say that if some radical change comes not in the near future, our doom as a nation is sure to be that of those nations Volney wrote about in his "Ruins of Empires, for under existing conditions this government is as sure to become an empire as the flight of time is to continue; and then ultimate results can be foreseen by simply reviewing history.

There are only two things now being advocated by thinking men that can prevent this—Socialism and Anarchy. The first would improve all the government, and make it for the first time in history a pure democracy; the second would bring chaos and confusion and end in a despotism, with the usual one man power at last.

Socialism is feasible, practical and desirable; anarchy is visionary, impracticable and undesirable, for millions of human beings trying to exist in social relations under the theories of philosophical anarchy, (that every one will do right by his associates and practice all the virtues if statute laws are done away with) is the limit of utter nonsense. As people cannot think alike, and do not, abolishing all laws to govern human conduct would surely fail to produce expected results and disagreements would certainly occur between individuals and communities that would require laws or some kind of rules that could be enforced, to settle them. Society with its millions of members is a complicated affair, and laws of various kinds are needed to insure and preserve liberty for the individual. Nothing before the world in the shape of ideas contains such possibilities for good and beneficial results as Socialism; and the natural trend of general events is in that direction.

than the Roman Catholic Church, which has always been on the side of despotism and oppression; and every orthodox Protestant church hates it just as hot. These facts are worth considering, for we have the record of both churches, and we know the reason they oppose Socialism is because they see what it would do if established. Both of these churches are unequal conditions; both want the masses held in subjection by poverty and ignorance; and when we see Free thinkers joining with them to oppose a world-wide movement that is sweeping on with surprising force and rapidity when just changes in systems and governments are considered, it looks queer to say the least.

Intellect does not increase, even in vast aggregation. As the clear soprano of the prima donna soars far above the rest of voices comprising the chorus, so the colossal intellects of a humboldt or a spencer towers far above the aggregated intellect of the uneducated millions of the common people. Therefore, the intellectual produce of thousands or millions of ignoramus can be no greater than the wisdom of one. An intellectual 0 multiplied ad infinitum ever remains 0.

Therefore, the fact that vast majorities believe in an independent spirit or soul, existence goes for naught to prove its reality, especially when we consider the fact that the minority who deny such a theory aggregate more wisdom, knowledge and logical power than those affirming it. Socialism is the greatest of all sciences repudiate the belief, while every plantation dandy and Digby damn fervently believes in flap-jacks and scalps hereafter, the same as here.

This proves that the belief is one of heredity and sentiment, not the result of philosophic research. It is born of the desire to live, of vanity and egotism. Then the church has ever utilized it to sway power and authority. This has become universally popular, and, therefore, aside from its enticing nature, offers to its devotees fraternity, social influence, votes, money, etc., while all those repudiating it are placed under the ban of social ostracism and persecution.

Considering then the agencies at work to uphold this popular belief it becomes apparent that its denial must be the result of unflinching honesty and individual research. There is no motive thinkable why any sane man should pronounce himself against it, while yet entertaining such belief; though there are millions of skeptics today still wearing the cloak of piety for policy sake. As long as the church indirectly offers premiums for belief and inflicts penalties for unbelief, the evidence of the few denying the popular belief far outweighs that of the majority against it.

Thus, while all beliefs should be respected, skepticism most of all should be honored, because only purest motives can lead up to it.

If we attempt to grasp, analyze and comprehend the idea intended to be conveyed by the word "Soul" or "Spirit," human reason and understanding falls prostrate at our feet, and latest scientific methods are of no avail. If every portion of the human anatomy can be examined, analyzed and duly classified as something NOT a soul, what in the name of reason is the soul? What are its constituents, and can it

be resolved into its component parts?

What is man? Divested of the physical organism, what remains to shape the form or constitute the organs and nervous system, producing the functions of man? Is not the tout ensemble composed of muscle and nerve necessary to make him a man? Could a man be a man, and all it implies, without flesh, blood, bone, stomach, lungs or organs? Can we think of a man without them or of a man existing now, who as yet is not conceived and born? Can a man be a man before he is a man? If not, how can a man still exist when every particle which made him a man has been laid under the sod and has been absorbed by soil, plants, fluids and air?

Before me is a fly. Apparently it is happy and enjoys its short existence. If, no doubt, it thinks, feels, has sensations, etc. But now I have crushed it. Nothing is left but a small speck of inorganic matter. What has become of the fly, its functions and emotions? The matter composing it will soon combine to produce other forms, leaving not a vestige of the fly—as a fly. Does the sensation of this identical fly or its mind still exist? If so, it is not effect without a cause—a miracle? I lately saw a man crushed in similar manner.

Body and mind are cause and effect. Before the cause exists there can be no effect. Who has ever dreamed of inventing with reality or a sensation, a spirit or soul of some one, never known to have lived in material form? No one. The body then is the prime factor as the creator of mind or "soul," precisely as it is the creator of individual digestion, respiration and other involuntary processes. So the body enables us to think, reason and remember. These mental functions are effects produced by our brain, senses and nervous system, very similar as respiration is produced by the lungs and heart. They are self-evidently cause and effect, the latter absolutely dependent upon the former. Remove the cause and the effect necessarily vanishes also. We might as well believe a clock can indicate time when shattered to pieces, a locomotive move without steam or cylinders, a piano produce harmony of sound without strings, as to believe that man's mind can be active or exist as an independent soul when the organs producing or causing the mental process are no more.

What is man? A purely physical effect of purely physical causes. Feet, blood and bone give him outline, form and weight. The arteries, heart, liver, lungs, etc., are the cause of life. The stomach digests food, the heart forces the blood through his system, the lungs supply him with air. The brain through the medium of the senses and nerves, enables him to think, hear, feel, and see, and in connection with the total aggregation of his complex, intricate, magnificent organism, completes a machine which in its totality and perfection only is the source of consciousness and mind. This sum-total, this complete whole, alone, IS MAN. Annihilate him, and his functions, both physical and mental, cease also. Mind is generated by the body as electricity from a battery.

Thus body and mind exist as cause and effect in man, but in lesser degree in the lower brute creation, down to the primate cell and may be, in infinitesimal degree in each atom of inorganic

matter. But owing to man's superiority, which some brute necessarily must copy, we should not seek to exempt him from the immutable law of nature, which decrees with inexorable authority, that "Dust thou art and to dust thou must return." Man has no pre-eminence above the brute. Whatever has a beginning must end, and the material now composing our bodies is needed to secure the eternity and immutability of the universe.

But in spite of these self-evident facts, the school of Spiritualists of every time and land affirm that man is an exception to the usual course of nature, and that a miraculous and immortal existence is his destiny. That all this physical perfection is useless and superfluous; that when the once proud and noble man has not as much organic reality as an oyster, that yet the identical man, possessed of identical outline and functions, can exist during all eternity as well without this physical body as with it. God is supposed to be the Creator of man; in fact, man as the crowning work of God, is pointed out in evidence that such a being could not evolve from lower forms, but absolutely necessitated a Creator. Yet, did it ever occur to our friends what a waste of energy it was on the part of God to make man, if during all eternity hereafter we can live precisely as well without this body as with it? What use did he endow his children with so much manly dignity and womanly beauty for a few paltry years, if superfluous hereafter?

If spiritualism is true, the startling miracle affronts us that nothing—absolutely nothing—possesses identical functions and potencies as the grandest organism ever evolved by nature. Because it is a fact, which cannot be disputed, that each and every particle which composes man is laid under the sod, and nothing remains.

La Grange, Illinois.

#### CHRISTIAN SECRETS.

(By Norman Murray.)

As I have strong hopes of seeing the Rev. Mr. Whately adorn the Rationalist platform, as he is now, indirectly, materially helping the spread of Rationalistic ideas, quite unintentionally on his part I admit, I am going to give him the pass-words and secrets of Rationalism and Christianity, and show him the gain (not in riches I must admit) but the knowledge of humanity he will acquire by getting out side Christianity and looking at humanity from that standpoint, as I have done for many years.

Though the disadvantages of devoting a good deal of time to learning theories that one must discard and looking at humanity discovers the truth, are many, still they are not without profit.

A practical, personal knowledge of Christian experiences is one of the most useful assets that a Rationalist propagandist can have. This experience enables him to see through the delusion that the Christian is under, without accusing him of intentional fraud.

When a man who has been fully possessed with the Christian superstition as I have been at one time, gets outside of it, he finds himself in an entirely new world without moving away from the scene of his former activities. That in itself is no small gain in degree in each atom of inorganic

(Continued on Page Four.)

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By

CHARLES CHITTON MOORE.

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The Blade urges upon its readers to  
contribute articles for its columns. The  
post has said: "It will be a case of pure  
art versus the dead, unfeeling, un-  
feeling of ocean bear," and the same be  
true of your mind. Especially do we re-  
quest articles from our younger readers.  
You may not be a bidder, a Wilson,  
a Roosevelt, a La Follette. Very few  
of us are. But you certainly can say  
something that will be of interest to your  
fellow-workers. These great men had  
their beginnings. Let us tell the readers  
of the Blade what you are doing and  
what you are thinking.

## IS THE MIND IMMORTAL?

First let us determine what the  
mind is. Is it material or is it  
spiritual? The mind like the  
body, is capable of growth or de-  
velopment. The infant coming  
into the world, knows little or  
nothing. As soon as its eyes are  
open, it begins to look around  
and see things and develop ideas.  
As its mind grows, it demands  
ideas (mental pictures) to de-  
velop mind, as well as food to  
nourish and build up the body.  
The mind is never at rest but is  
continually at work constructing  
ideas. (Ideas are mental images  
that pass through the mind, while  
ideas are those ideas that are  
cherished or worshipped.) Even  
during sleep the mind is as active  
as in our waking hours. We may  
not remember what passes  
through our mind when "sound  
asleep" because the brain, like  
the other parts of the body, is at  
rest, the same as when dead. We  
have read where persons have  
been, to all appearance, dead for  
twenty four hours or more, "sus-  
pended animation," and came  
back to life and "described their  
thoughts while in that state; how  
they "saw preparations being  
made for their funeral, etc." Jesus,  
no doubt, understood what death  
was, when he said, "The dead  
is not dead, but sleepeth."  
He said of Lazarus "He sleepeth,  
and I go that I may awaken him  
out of his sleep." When he got

there, he had been dead four  
days, but, when Jesus "cried with  
a loud voice," he came forth,  
bound hand and foot. Jesus said,  
"Loose him and let him go." We  
have access to the external world  
by our five senses. The eye is the  
principal medium by which we gain  
all our knowledge, but the ear is  
also a medium of acquiring all  
our ideas of music and the beauties  
of harmony is sound. That these  
ideas, which occupy the mind, just  
as furniture, pictures, etc., do in a  
house, are not of material substance,  
like the grey matter of the brain; is  
evident from the fact that they do  
not require space as do all material  
substances, for if they did, a man  
with a large education (collection of  
ideas) would necessarily have a large  
head in order to contain it; but such is  
not the case. Some most learned  
men and most fluent speakers have  
small heads, and many men with  
large heads know but little. Then, if  
the mind is not of a material sub-  
stance like the brain, it follows that  
it is not fed with material like the  
body, which is perishable, and has to  
be replaced but it is fed with what  
is indestructible, which has no be-  
ginning nor end. There is no new  
thing under the sun," is a true say-  
ing. All the ideas or inven-  
tions of men have existed be-  
fore, and are only rediscovered.  
Truth, manifested in ideas of jus-  
tice, love and the ultimate plan  
of the universe, are eternal, and the  
mind stored with the imperishable  
riches of justice, love and truth, is  
immortal. This is what Jesus meant,  
when he said: "This is the Kingdom  
of God, and Jesus Christ whom  
ye have seen." The great truths that  
he (and other great reformers have  
uttered) are the eternal riches of the  
mind. "The words that I speak to  
you, they are spirit, they are life."  
A. E. WADE.

## "FREAKS OF FAITH"

Faith, according to the "good  
book," (1) is a very valuable  
piece of property to possess.  
Many wonderful things have  
taken place under its influence.  
Sea have been dried up or turned  
out of their natural channels. Run-  
ning rivers of water have  
ceased to flow and the water  
rolled on and left a dry path for  
the nation of Israelites to cross  
over. Great walled cities have  
been destroyed through faith, and  
a little mixture of horn touting  
The dry flint rock in the moun-  
tain side gave faith a stream of  
cool water by the stroke of Moses  
rod and faith. By faith the sun  
and moon stood still when Joshua  
rod and faith. By faith Elijah  
shut up the heavens and brought  
on a three and a half years  
drought during which time thou-  
sands of precious souls must have  
perished for lack of food and  
drink. By faith Elisha cured a  
crowd of little children and had  
God to create two special shoes  
and send them at once to his  
rescue and devour forty-two  
of these children. By faith bat-  
tles have been won and lost. Na-  
tions have been mowed down  
with the spear and sword. Fathers,  
husbands, and brothers have  
been murdered through faith.  
Wives, mothers, and daughters  
have been made victims of cruel  
debauchery. Women with  
children have been ripped up by  
the recipients of faith. O, horror,  
and yet we are told that it is  
"just thus" live by faith.

Now all the foregoing incidents  
and thousands more are supposed  
to be real results of faith, but the  
time they are alleged to have  
transpired is so remote that it is  
a shadow of evidence, either his-  
torical or scientific remains to  
day to substantiate such claims.  
Faith is the only means by  
which a sane man or woman can  
grasp the doctrine of the bible.  
There is no self-evident facts to  
prove their integrity. In fact it  
self-evident facts could be pro-  
duced to establish the doctrines  
of the bible as truth that very  
fact would destroy the basis of  
faith.  
Men would not be required to  
"live by faith" if self-evident  
facts are available. They could  
consider the facts in the case and  
live by sight. If there was a  
single indisputable fact, estab-  
lishing the immortality concep-  
tion of Jesus, it would be no longer  
necessary to rely on faith. Facts  
would replace faith. To be-  
lieve in the bible story of Jesus  
he must do so without a "shade  
of a shadow" evidence, either  
natural, scientific, reasonable or

reasonable. Faith or belief is its  
own evidence.  
"Faith is the evidence of things  
hoped for and not seen." Faith is  
believing a thing without a par-  
ticle of evidence and swearing  
the thing is so because you be-  
lieve it. The kingdom of God is  
the only tribunal in the universe  
that requires its subjects to be-  
lieve without good substantial  
evidence.

Coming down to our own time  
and generation we are at a loss  
to find any trace of the "lost  
art," except the old stale reports  
and myths of the bible.  
I challenge the whole of Chris-  
tendom to produce the evidence  
of the possession of the minutest  
particle of that which must save  
all who are saved. Snakes and  
arsonic and poisons of all sorts  
lose their deadly properties by a  
very slight application of faith.  
Yet when Christians are taken ill  
instead of depending upon the  
mere "antidote" they call in a  
skilled physician. I can see  
where they are wise in this but  
fail to see their consistency.

If Christians were consistent  
they would consider the life of  
the field and learn a lesson from  
them how to live without tilling  
or sowing.  
To be consistent with the scrip-  
tures a Christian should hate his  
father, mother, brothers and sis-  
ters, his wife and even his own  
life. Otherwise he cannot "be  
my disciple." This is what the  
scriptures say and if they don't  
mean what they say how in the  
name of common sense are we to  
know what they mean.

Christ is alleged to have said  
that his mission on earth was to  
bring a sword or division, to set  
the father at variance with the  
son, the son against the father,  
and so with every member of the  
family and to tear up domestic  
peace in general. If this is true  
I do not wonder at his short stay  
among civilized people. He ought  
to have been put out of the way  
sooner, and thus stop the dam-  
nable doctrine which has caused  
more sorrow and trouble than all  
else put together. The history of  
the past ages where faithful fol-  
lowers have tried to continue  
their master's mission attest the  
truthfulness of what I say.

They are facts that all the apolo-  
gies in the world cannot erase.  
They are menaces in the way of  
Christianity. Thinking people are  
not rushing headlong over the  
facts to get into the church. The  
church still succeeds in scaring a  
few superstitious souls out of hell,  
fire into heaven (1) but they are  
getting fewer every decade. There  
is a better way to travel the  
rough road of life than to be tor-  
mented forever with visions of  
devils, demons, hell and condemna-  
tion with a very slim chance (one  
in a million) to escape.

I'm glad that I've found sweet  
liberty in doing what I please  
possible without fearing hell and  
its impu because I don't believe  
all the fables taught by the  
church. I'm not worrying over  
the subject of a future life. The  
present one is all that I can take  
care of and in fact it is all the  
one that I really know anything  
about. There may be one, I don't  
know, but I feel sure that the  
more pleasant we make this one  
the better off we will be now and  
through eternity. We need to  
get in harmony with nature and  
evade every trace of the aged su-  
perstition which curses the world  
today.

We can't progress and adhere  
strictly to the Christian doctrine,  
because to do so means that every  
thought must be brought into  
obedience to Christ. There would  
be no time to take up with in-  
ventions.

Just think of it. All the great  
achievements of the different ages  
with which our world is made  
great, is no self-evident facts to  
prove their integrity. In fact it  
self-evident facts could be pro-  
duced to establish the doctrines  
of the bible as truth that very  
fact would destroy the basis of  
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lieve in the bible story of Jesus  
he must do so without a "shade  
of a shadow" evidence, either  
natural, scientific, reasonable or

J. MARSHALL SMITH  
Woodlawn, Ala.

## IN THE CRISP AND THE GLOW.

In the crisp and the glow of the morn-  
ing.  
When blue shines the sky overhead,  
When purple and rose of the dawn-  
ing.  
Across the horizon he spreads  
The joy! The delight to be living!  
To feel the red blood in one's veins  
Man's heart, in transcendent thanks  
giving.  
Gives voice to exuberant strains!

In the crisp and the glow of the morn-  
ing.  
The fresh awakened glow of the day!  
All weakness of yesterday scoring.  
Encouraged, he goes on his way.  
Of pleasure of daylight and striving  
Of labor for those near and dear!  
His breast of his misery striving  
In sunlit inspiring and clear.

In the glow of the sun's slow retiring.  
The crisp of the slow twilight's fall-  
With love all his exuberant fires  
Sweet love for home, wife, child-  
man's all!  
The joy! The delight! Compensation!  
His soul soars on love-burdened wings!  
No weakness man's elation  
Of heart-shaking home-ones he sings!  
-Laruna W. Sheldon, in New York  
Times.

## MISUNDERSTOOD.



Very Seldom.  
You seldom see his labors.  
No matter what his labors.  
Who doesn't find, in fact's depths,  
The time to knock his neighbors.

Another Knock.  
The manager came out before the  
floodlights with all his nerve and  
egotism. "And our leading lady," he  
announced in a loud voice, "is a dyed-  
in-the-wool actress." The old country  
man in the first row had noticed the  
peroxide curls of the star. "Hm!" he  
thought to a tag whisper. "Sort of a  
dyed-in-the-wool actress, too, eh,  
Mr. Manager?"

The Producer.  
"It must be amazing to have to ask  
your husband for money," said the in-  
trusive woman.  
"I wouldn't think of doing so," re-  
plied Mrs. Camroz. "We insist on  
family games of bridge, and in that  
way avoid being under the slightest  
obligations for what he contributes."

Pat Was Ready for Her.  
Lady (who has just returned with a  
lively rig) will never patronize  
your stables again. That horse walked  
every step of the way.  
Pat (Celtic assistant)—Yes, didn't  
aspire the hasty to do it, did you,  
madam?—National Monthly.

Enough Said.  
"Rather a fuzzy move on the part of  
Miss Trippy's press agent."  
"What was that?"  
"He has sent out an announcement  
that a well-known jeweler makes all  
her costumes."

ACCIDENTAL STEP-MOTHER.  
Mrs. Finnegan—Shure, an' th' car  
only missed me by about a foot.  
Mr. Finnegan—Then had yer gone  
a step farther the children would have  
had a step-mother.

The Professor.  
His hair is long.  
His eyes are quite well.  
And has a name  
Like a college yell.

"What fine presence that woman  
has."  
"Do you mean how she looks or  
what she's got?"

Contradictory Aspet.  
"I have found out that Gladys is  
leading a double life." "That's singu-  
lar."

On a Rush Hour Car.  
The Conductor—Why don't you  
move forward there?  
The Passenger—The motorman  
won't let me.

Another Yarn.  
"And you were once the tattooed  
man in the circus?" said the sym-  
pathetic housewife.  
"Yes," responded Sandy  
Pikes, as he speared a huckwheat  
cake with his fork.  
"And once you were caught in a  
rainstorm and all your colors ran to-  
gether? Poor man! Were you out of  
a job long?"  
"No, indeed, mum. Dat very night  
I went around to de metrodrama and  
got a job as a 'deep dyed villain.'"

## HOW SHE LOOKED AT IT.

A life-insurance agent was trying  
to induce young Mr. Nevermuch to  
take out a policy.  
"You owe it to your wife to insure.  
Then if you die she's provided for."  
Mrs. Nevermuch was duly im-  
pressed and urged her husband to  
carry some insurance.

"Well, dearie," said the hard-  
pressed man, "I'll explain this propo-  
sition to you. Then if you want me  
to take out insurance, I will. It's like  
this: If I die soon you will still be  
young and good-looking enough to cop  
out another head-winner. And if I  
live long enough the premiums on  
the insurance would make the pay-  
ments on a piano. Which will you  
have?"

She decided to take the piano—and  
her chances.

Still Inevitable.  
"By the way, old man," said the  
chronic toucher in lubricated tones,  
"you remember that five-spot I bor-  
rowed from you last fall?"  
"Yes," responded his friend with a  
yawn, "and every time I think of that  
five-spot I think of the comet."  
"That's a queer combination. What's  
the similarity?"  
"Why, I've been looking for it for  
months and haven't seen it yet."

To Take No Chances.  
Hammer—Why in the dickens have  
you got that string tied around your  
finger?  
Absentee—To remind me that I must  
have the tooth removed.

Hammer—But goodness gracious!  
Why don't you do as ordinary people  
and have the string tied around your  
finger?  
Absentee (stiffly)—Because, sir, I  
don't care to have my finger removed.

UP TO HIM.  
The Horrid Thing.

Toned Down.  
"To hear him talk, you'd think he  
owned the world."  
"You mean when his wife isn't  
around."  
"Yes."  
"When his wife is close by, to hear  
him talk you'd think he owned about  
as much earth as the average anglo-  
worm."

Making Bad Matters Worse.  
Margaret—How did you enjoy your  
dip in the ocean this morning with  
Jack?  
Nan—Not at all; he simply hugged  
the shore!

Her Idea.  
"Is she a gift of original ideas?"  
"One."  
"And what is that?"  
"She thinks her fiancé has an ear  
for music, and all the rest of the  
world thinks he has it."  
"Because he likes to hear her sing."

A Frazzle Flower.  
"Yonder he goes with his attend-  
ant and his physician. These ball  
players have to be very careful, you  
know."  
"Is that fellow a ball player? I  
recognize him. He worked in a local  
stoneyard all winter."

Outlanced.  
The Pyramids—What did you think  
of Roosevelt, now we've met him?  
Sublim—Humph! Shows what these  
mortals are! He's gained more fame  
in the few years he's been talking  
with all my centuries of wise  
silence.

Contrary.  
"I dreamed last night that I pro-  
posed to you and you accepted me."  
"Dreams go by contraries, you  
know."  
"I know, and I am not going to pro-  
pose and you are not going to accept  
me."

What Everyones Knows.  
"A New York woman tells her woman  
hearer to go to bed nights and let  
the angels swing them to sleep." "How  
absurd. There aren't enough angels  
in New York to swing a baby to  
sleep!"

A Snub.  
He—I would marry the best  
woman living if she wanted to vote.  
She—You wouldn't marry her if she  
didn't. She'd have a few reasons to  
hate you herself.

## HEROIC MEANS.

The little man wanted a pin to hold  
his ripped sleeve together, but every  
one that passed gave him a cold stare.  
Presently a big individual with shoul-  
ders like an ox and wrapped up in a  
voluntinous sweater sauntered down  
the street, and the little man scooped  
him in desperation:

"For two pins," said the little man,  
"I'd knock your block off."  
The pugilistic-looking citizen was  
dumfounded. When he recovered him-  
self he found two pins in his trousers  
waistband and handed them over.

"Now, come on, you little macker-  
el!" he thundered. "Come on, as  
knock die block off. Just try it!"  
But the little man was already  
goggling for the other side of the  
street.

"I guess I'll let your block go this  
time," he bantered, "but I had to have  
the pins."

Plying Safe.  
First Suburbanite—Come on, old  
man. We'll just be in time to catch  
the 5:30 train.  
Second Suburbanite—Well, run  
along; I'm not going home yet. I'm  
going to have something to eat first.

Second Suburbanite—Why, I thought  
you always dined at home.  
First Suburbanite—Usualy do, but  
my wife got hold of a magazine  
yesterday which tells how to get up a  
dinner for five for 50 cents and she  
told me she was going to try it today.

Goody Benson.  
"Benson was a good friend of mine  
and I hated to lose him. He always  
was a cheerful spirit and seemed in  
the best of spirits. It will be hard to  
find another fellow so genial, so full  
of the joy of life."  
"What's the matter? Has Benson  
left town for good?"  
"Surely he isn't dead?"  
"No. He borrowed five dollars from  
me this morning."

Toned Down.  
"To hear him talk, you'd think he  
owned the world."  
"You mean when his wife isn't  
around."  
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## JESUS DID IT.

Of all the cheeky and presumptuous acts that the clergy scoop, that of declaring every progressive thought, invention and discovery due to what they call Christian influence, is the oddest and most brazen. There is hardly a sermon preached but that they make this idea. That civilization and the present state of development are the direct result of the advent of Jesus into the world; and that every advancement which is yet to be made, will be due to the presence of his doctrines and his holy representatives among the children of men. They manage to fit every scientific fact to some saying of Jesus, although he was as ignorant of this department as learning as a common laborer. He knew nothing at all of chemistry, of anatomy, of electricity, of mechanism, or of anything else practical and useful. He was a preacher of morals, more or less good or bad. I compare his system with that of Buddha or Confucius, and there is nothing left to his credit. Sum up his philosophy and general intelligence and compare it to that of Socrates or Aristotle, and the balance is all his discredit. Let the reader review the whole work of Jesus and compare it with his own general information, and what man who reads this would exchange his knowledge of the world, of men, of philosophy, of invention and discovery, for all that Jesus knew. Why, put Jesus to an examination of things useful and practical, and he would be a playing in the hands of any bright school boy of twelve years old.

This man of doubtful existence and inferior learning and knowledge of men, is worshipped by his superiors in intelligence. This is the result of the imposition practiced by the clergy upon the undeveloped and passive brain of childhood. Such a condition could not otherwise exist. The brain which is left free to develop and to draw its conclusions from its own observations and experiences, can never descend to such worship. It is unnatural that intelligence should reverence and worship inferiority and ignorance.

Blind worship and superstition have but one means of perpetuating themselves—and that is by their imprisonment of the most helpless and defenseless thing in the world—the trusting brain of the child. From the very beginning children are taught to do as they see, and that all to him we owe. They grow to nature life firmly convinced that it is true. The brain is so totally deprived of the instinct of doubt that it is wholly incapable of the instinct to investigate. They grow to mature manhood believing every word of the pastor's sermon. They never dream of questioning any statement that he utters. If by their preacher says that all civilization depends upon the doctrines of Jesus, they accept the statement without thought or contradiction.

Observe how nearly every sermon is made up. The preacher takes up some Biblical story and goes out among the works and accomplishments of human effort to illustrate it. He ransacks history and biography and travel and invention and science and modern discovery and applies all these to his text, and while he is through, he has everything that men now say and do attached and riveted to something Jesus said and did two thousand years ago. They credit to Jesus thoughts he never dreamed of. The fact of it is, they take their own best thoughts and put them into the mouth of Jesus.

No wonder that the world has blindly believed that Jesus was an intellectually great personage, when millions of men have studied and thought and given Jesus the credit of their efforts. Not satisfied with their own contributions, they also attempt the theft of the learning and discoveries of non-Christians and put these also into his mouth.

They go out into the world of literature, philosophy, invention, and discovery, and grab every good thing that mankind says and does of itself, and credit it all to Jesus. His Bible teaches that the earth is flat and four-cornered. A skeptic thought differently, and at the peril of his life he expressed himself, and eventually discovered it to be round. Jesus did it. Another skeptic discovered the telescope and proved the stars to be planets and great heavenly bodies instead of candles to light the earth at night—Jesus did it.

Another discovers and proves the law of gravitation—Jesus did it. Another demonstrates to the satisfaction of the scientific world the theory of Newtonian hypothesis—Jesus did it. Another demonstrates the agreed-on fact and the existence of the stars—Jesus did it.

Another gives geological proofs of the uniformity of cosmic forces and the antiquity of the globe—Jesus did it. Another discovers the principle of evolution by natural process—Jesus did it. Another discovered and proved that electricity and lightning are the same—Jesus did it. Others have applied electricity to man's use and comfort—Jesus did it. Another wrote the Declaration of Independence, and with a few other skeptics framed the principles of this government—Jesus did it. Another saved the country in its moment of greatest peril and freed the bondmen whom Christianity had enslaved—Jesus did it.

An Atheist, Deist, Agnostic, Jew or Skeptic of whatever class never did anything of himself. Why, bless your soul, JESUS did it!

J. B. W.

## THE CREED OF BURNS.

(One of his suppressed poems.)

To gull the mob and keep them under,  
The ancients told their tales of wonder,  
A pious fraud, a holy blunder,  
A rainbow sign,  
An earthquake or a blast of thunder,  
Were held divine.

By those who've faith to swallow doses  
A wondrous story nothing loses;  
The dextrous feasts ascribed to Moses  
Are proofs as plain  
O' sleight o' hand as Horman Bogus,  
Legerdemain.

Beware the stories of tradition,  
Least sense give way to superstition—  
The royal magic competition,  
O sacred fountain!

Which can a 'nidge by faith's volition  
Swell to a mountain.

A God o' mercy, just and good,  
Holds forth as in an angry mood,  
Drooning the world a' in a flood  
To punish Hymen,  
And turning water into blood  
Just like a demon.

He murdered thousands in a trice,  
Made Egypt swarm with frogs and lice,  
Had he sent sheep, and cows, and rice,  
His hungry hoard  
Might ilk a' aye be got a slice,  
And praised their Lord

Wi' hocus-poens read in hand,  
Like Homer Goose's magic wand,  
They could the elements command,  
As legends run;  
Divide the sea and burn the land,  
Or stop the sun.

Their prodigies bombast, surmount;  
Like dykes the ocean stood in masses;  
They'd flying prophets, speaking asses,  
Beside a salty wife,  
Their amorous (thais) o'ercome the ladies,  
Who lived that life

Their Samson's strength lay in his hair,  
Their jealous waters sterling were,  
Showers of fire came through the air—  
Like brimstone danders,  
Saints lived in fire by virtue rare,  
Like salamanders.

The Apostle Paul, by fancy's whim,  
Soared up to heaven in a dream,  
And Satan brought him back 'twould seem,  
So says himself!

But how could I to heaven climb,  
Who's chained in hell?  
This damned old wily serpent Nick,  
Was promised lang a mighty Jesus.

He's turned the chase, and played the trick  
Wi' God's first born;  
He got him scoured, nailed to a stick,  
And crooned w' thorn.

First search the subject through the piece,  
'Tis fraught w' blunders such as these,

That reverend priests their flocks may fleece  
Wi' weely conscience;  
Teach humble beings by degrees  
To swallow nonsense.

The sovereign leaders of each faction,  
Join hand in hand in close conjunction,  
To set God's kingdom up at auction,  
A humpin' bargain;

Drive silly mortals to distraction  
Wi' their damned jargon;  
Yet moral truth shall gain the day,  
Illamed by nature's glorious ray;

Anathemas shall fly away,  
Wi' priests and diels;  
Sound reason shall the scepter sway,  
Hard at her heels.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

(By Quirin Baehler.)

Christ has punished Jesus  
Nature for insulting her Creator.  
The heaven of which Jesus preached  
was never found by him or any one else.

Nature punishes the people while living through innumerable maladies or accidents. No dead man ever suffers. The soul without the body has no knowledge of pain. Teachers or preachers who make children any grace before meals insult our Creator.

It is not Nature's fault that so many people do not get what they need. It is the fault of false religion and their policies. The hospitals are full of such people. Animals do not insult our Creator because they were not taught false religion. If you want to learn something of the world or our Creator, read "Natureism."

Price 25 cents. Address,  
Chicago, Ill., 2737 Madison St.

## I REMEMBER.

(By A. B. White.)

I remember, I remember well  
The little church of brown  
Where in I've heard the preach-  
ers tell  
Of golden harp and crown,  
That from God's hand we would receive

Upon the final day  
If we would in his son believe  
And his commands obey.

I remember, I remember well  
That this thought came to me  
When they would praise of sin  
and hell  
How wise those men must be  
To know that God a few will save  
And see the others fall  
When he to each the life breath gave

And is the head of all.

I remember, I remember well  
That soon there came a train  
Of stronger thoughts to longer dwell  
Within my doubting brain.  
'Trough friends deserted on and on  
I struggled to the light.  
'Till I stood at reasons dawn  
And watched the day grow bright.

I remember, I remember well  
The battles that I had  
The gloom and shadows to dispel,  
Of stories taught a lad.  
I've often told I am a fool  
By Christians of my town  
Because I go to reason's school  
And shun their church of brown.

So let us place the torch of truth  
Where it may shed its rays  
To warn the minds of growing youth  
Against superstitions ways  
And soon we'll clear the trash  
and rot  
The crucifix tear down  
And build a school of every spot  
Where stands a church of brown.

A TRIP TO ROME  
by  
DR. J. B. WILSON.

The International Congress of Free-thinkers was held in the City of Rome, Italy, September 21, 1904. The author attended that Congress as the American Delegate. It is an account of travel and personal experiences that has received in universal esteem from press and people in its religious dogmas and tales of priestly fiction are ruthlessly exposed while the general life is without comparison in American literature of travel.

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IN THE ORIENT  
by  
Charles Chilton Moore.

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Cloth bound, 360 pages, Postpaid \$1.25.

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Lexington, Ky.

## THE LIMIT OF EARTHLY GLORY

I wouldn't care what winds might blow,  
I'd never feel the sting of woe,  
No woe in a dismal strain,  
If Fortune had bestowed on me  
The web bestowed upon John D.

I'd never mind the bitter cold,  
Nor for pity any feel the cold.  
The world should never hear me scold.  
No other could make me sore,  
If Fortune had bestowed on me  
The power that Adrien claims as his.

I'd never be at all depressed,  
Nor for pity any feel the stress.  
I should never be distressed  
By any kind of melody  
If I could be as wise, by gum!  
As G. H. Shaw says he's become.

He was thinking of chicken.

Way to Choose.

A friend has let out a secret regarding the way in which some young women judge novels.

In a big two girls were talking of what they read.

"Oh, I choose a novel easily enough," said one, "I go to the circulating library and look at the last chapters. If I find the rain softly and easily dropping over one or two lonely graves, I don't have it; but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin, I know it's all right."

What it Proved to Him.

The announcer arose in the slight-estening auto.  
"Ladies and gentlemen, we have just passed the Chinese quarter."  
Old Uncle Weatherly nudged his wife.

"Ain't that fine, Mandy?" he chuckled. "I can't look nothing like as he seedled as when we first came or they'd surely tried to have passed that Chin see quarter on me."

A Curiosity.

"There is said to be a tree in Australia, which, when touched, knocks the person touching it down," said the shoe clerk, who had been reading the scientific notes in a patent-medicine almanac.

"So?" ejaculated the scanty-haired bachelor at the pedal extremity of the mahogany. "It is evidently a species of barwood."

## BROTHERS.

All That's Necessary.

"The girl who is to marry Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., is much better looking than he is."

"Oh, have you seen a portrait of her?"

"No, not yet."

"How do you know?"

"I have seen a portrait of young Teddy."

Taking Him Up.

"Is this Mr. Jinx?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"I represent a life insurance company. Miss Pert asked me to call on you."

"Miss Pert? I don't understand!"

"She says that you told her last night you would die for her, and she wanted me to drop in and insure you."

A Sure Sign.

"There is one time when you may be sure people are fishing for scandal."

"What is that?"

"When they are talking with bated breath."

Don't It Now?

"The earth is doomed to pass through the tail of Haley's comet on May 10."

"Doesn't that mean that the earth has been passing through tales of that comet for a year?"

OBEYING THE DOCTOR.

How Singular.

A new "best seller" is built upon a novel plan.

The hero strolls out alone and meets a man.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"Marriage is not always a failure," says the Philosopher of Folly. "but if you are careful to marry a rich girl, it's nearly as profitable."

Its Narrative.

A comet prearrange, via, diaboliers and all kinds of misfortune."

"Then it is end is a tail of woe."

## MATTER OF BUSINESS.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, as he stepped inside. "Is this Mr. Mark's office?"

"No," replied the man at the desk. "His office is on the floor above."

"Thank you," said the stranger as he went out, leaving the door open.

"Hey, there," yelled the other. "Come back and close that door. Haven't you any doors in your house?"

"Yes," answered the stranger, who had again stepped inside and closed the door, "but they all have springs on them. Allow me to show you my patent double lock door door spring. It closes the door without a bang, and is warranted to last 99 years—if it doesn't you get your money back. The price is only 25 cents. Yes, sealing it's you'll let you have five for one dollar. Thank you, sir. Good morning!"

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## AT THE TELEPHONE.

Dear, from this distance far  
Thy face I can not see.  
But distance is no bar  
To twist such as I live and me!  
So at the telephone  
Contented I may be  
To kiss the air alone  
That lately hath kissed thee.

(This sort of lighter line  
This maddens all adores—  
Shine to their hearts like wine  
Its liquid measures soars—  
All poets quickly pen,  
And whether bad or worst,  
We know how now when when  
Old Herick did it first!)

—Puck.

## EVERYTHING READY.

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And whether bad or worst,  
We know how now when when  
Old Herick did it first!)

—Puck.

EVERYTHING READY.

Dear, from this distance far  
Thy face I can not see.  
But distance is no bar  
To twist such as I live and me!  
So at the telephone  
Contented I may be  
To kiss the air alone  
That lately hath kissed thee.

(This sort of lighter line  
This maddens all adores—  
Shine to their hearts like wine  
Its liquid measures soars—  
All poets quickly pen,  
And whether bad or worst,  
We know how now when when  
Old Herick did it first!)

—Puck.

EVERYTHING READY.

Dear, from this distance far  
Thy face I can not see.  
But distance is no bar  
To twist such as I live and me!  
So at the telephone  
Contented I may be  
To kiss the air alone  
That lately hath kissed thee.

## SOME REFLECTIONS ON NEW THOUGHTS.

(By Channing Severance.)

HAVING recently read a critique of "New Thoughts," my spirit control, Common Sense, impelled me to offer a few remarks.

It is not to be denied that the new brand of hot air which is being expounded by Elizabeth Town, Henry Harrison Brown, William Walker Atkinson, and many others, is large in volume and constantly increasing; but that fact does not prove any value or that their ideas in the practical affairs of life work with good results. For some reason, any thing presented in a new or novel way, never fails to find followers. It happens to be a case of superstition or high grade nonsense, in that species of New Thought which bestows upon mind omnipotent powers, when exercised alone and apart from our physical bodies, we see a brand of nonsense that was never executed since the teachings of theology were established. When such extravagant claims are made and put forth about the power of thought, as these people indicate in it, it is well to stop and ask what any of them have done in this practical world that is worth mentioning? Apart from selling their thoughts for money, I know of nothing any of them have done to develop industries and to produce real wealth. Not one of them deals in anything but theories and emotional gush; they are not head and hand workers, but head workers. They do nothing but think and express their thoughts, and they tend to get into the labor market and work for their grub, clothes and shelter or take up any productive enterprise that requires mind and muscle, they would be total failures, and as useless as a windmill child. This fact was demonstrated out here not very long ago. There used to be a young woman in Chelsea, Mass., whose first name was Eva, and she wrote New Thought nonsense by the yard, telling other people the secret of success in life. "How to fill empty pockets," and lots of other things. But when the big fire in Chelsea burned her out, and she migrated to Los Angeles, she got where the windmills were, and in very close circumstances. Why? Because she was nothing but a visionary, with a head full of fanciful theories; incapable of working, and—she could not sell her New Thought writings. She could not sit a Morris chair and work Brown magic formula for getting dollars; neither can any of the others; and when there is no market for their thoughts, they are all bound to live short on dollars, and without cash is soon reduced to want in this cold and calculating world.

It was a mistake to class Elbert Hubbard with these people, for he does not belong with them. Hubbard never sold a thing on the street, he is a practical business man, and has established an industry that employs 500 people, where they make a good living with head and hand work. The genuine New Thoughters would starve to death as a farmer, a mechanic, or a real worker in any department of industry. But oh, how glumly they can write and tell others what to do to succeed. Probably the most idiotic thing ever written out as a farce, is Henry Brown wrote "Dollars Want Me," was Helen Wilman's "Conquest of Poverty," that vain, boastful, nonsensical combination of words. And right here is a good time to recall the fact that when she was denied the right to advertise and sell her thoughts through the mails, that moment her power to make money, to accumulate wealth that others had produced, ended.

Let us look at moment at Brown's fool theories and see what he affirms in "Dollars Want Me." The mind, being omnipotent, if one is hard up and in need of money, Brown tells us how to get it. Instead of hunting a job and earning dollars, he is to use these affirmations:

"Dollars love me! Dollars want me! I am ready to use dollars, and they freely come to me to be used." He also says: "Make no limit as to the amount. Claim abundance." The claim abundance, Brown does not always get his dollars that way. When here recently he was willing to receive a "silver offering" at the door of the hall he lectured in, and as some came in without giving up, he took them to task for it before giving his lecture. He declares that poverty is the main cause of the unrest that afflicts mankind,

and says if removed by right thinking, all attendant evils will disappear. Nothing said about working to remove poverty, but just think it away, and presto! it's gone! "Opulence is righteousness," he asserts, and if so, John D. Rockefeller must be a saint. Glory be! And such trash, such idiotic drivel, is New Thought! It would seem the limit had been reached in human credulity when people buy this pamphlet and believe in it, but as far as I can see there is no limit, and fools will appear when the fickle gets busy and take in anything he offers as long as the race exists, I guess. And Elizabeth Town endorses this wonderful discovery of her co-workers! New Thought is surely a fine graft, and the success that attends it confirms Barnum's opinion long ago expressed. When the farmer can think his seed into the ground and harvest it in the same way, when a mechanic can build a house with his mind alone, and dollars make themselves without human hands to produce the raw material or create the form, then will be time enough to take up New Thoughts seriously. Until then, let us laugh at the follies of mankind, as those who philosophize always have done.

Los Angeles, Calif.

## CHRISTIAN SECRETS.

(Continued from Page One.)

the matter of mental exercise. When I look back at the enthusiasm that once possessed me in Christian work, I am filled with amazement at the simplicity of the ordinary human mind, and wonder that I ever got out of it. The experiences were anything but pleasant. All my relations and friends were Christians. My few acquaintances in the Free Thought movement were not of the school that appealed most to me. I was practically then in the cross benches, with few in local circles that I could look up to, and disciples were slow in adopting the (to them) new school, though quite open to the history of Rationalism. There were a few local disciples of Bradlaugh, and though I have come to admire Bradlaugh's ability, integrity and service to humanity, I have never been a disciple of the particular school of thought in which he was such a prominent figure. I have never denied the existence of a power or powers superior to man, but I have come to the conclusion that the Bible guess at it was even a little worse than any of the pagan mythologies I have long given up the search for the nature of God or gods or the origin of man. I agree with Comte that the origins and causes are absolutely inaccessible and search for them unmeaning. The attempt to trace man back to the polygamy is as little practical value from my point of view as the Eden story. The history of man since the dawn of history is much more interesting to me. My quarrel with the clergy is that they have dwarfed the minds of all those who came most directly under their influence by keeping them in ignorance of the history of the great races and nations of the world like the Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Chinese, Japanese and above all our own ancestors, with all their faults and failings have always been as they are now a much superior people to the people whose dead ancestors we are asked to worship. The worship of ancestors may or may not be a very wise mental exercise but before we are asked to worship other people's ancestors in preference to our own it ought to be shown clearly that these other people's ancestors were superior to our own.

This very morning I got into an argument with an Irish Roman Catholic. I have known this man for about twenty years through all the changes that have come over me and we never quarrelled until this morning. This morning we did quarrel and the cause was very simple and instructive. I reminded him of the old theological theory that God became a poor man to teach man humility. He said: "that was a beautiful doctrine." But then I said the pope and the archbishop of Canterbury and all the other wealthy Christians do not practice this theory. The only one in recent times that we have known to make an attempt at it is Giotto.

I would have no objection to the pope and the archbishop of Canterbury following the example of their lord and master.

Before asking other people to do it they should do it themselves. At this all of a sudden he got abusive. This method of capturing their own artillery and firing it back at them is evidently the most effective we can use. But I have jumped from the subject of secrets. Large numbers of mankind are inveterate gamblers and emotionalists. I always detested gambling and suppose that trait in my character helped me to get rid of the Christian superstition. Then there is the weak-minded who can be influenced by strong or mild in any direction they choose. Lone living people as a rule do not become rationalists. Drunkards, sensualists and criminals of all sorts being a class of people with stronger passions than reason go from one extreme to another. What is more natural than for a man or woman whose life has been wasted by ungovernable passions to cling to straws when they get a reaction which emotionalists always get. Therefore Magdalen's drunkards and prize fighters make splendid material for revivalists. Something for nothing has always great attractions for such people. Christianity is the only system of religion that teaches that a man or woman can live a wicked life and die the death of the righteous. To punish some one else for their folly catches on to their imagination.

This is the most dangerous phase of the Christian superstition. Nature teaches that the violation of the laws of nature always brings its own punishment. Christianity in all its branches teaches the punishment deserved by one person can be transferred to some one else.

Another cardinal evil of Christianity is the invention of sins which are contrary to nature. It is impossible to calculate the amount of mischief made in the world by the doctrine of the fall of man. Innocent good living people have been tormented by this infernal doctrine for a great part of their lives to an extent only known to people who like myself have been brought up among such people with every opportunity for observing the effect.

The amount of mischief that the Bible has made in the highlands of Scotland since the Goid translation has been circulated extensively over sixty years ago is appalling.

This constant drilling into their minds that they were all hell deserving through the fall has made a brave race in many respects moral cowards among strangers. It deprives them of their natural self confidence which often drives them to drink as the last resource.

I do not object so much to the teaching of hell to the wicked for in their case anything that might put a check on their evil careers might be excusable for prophetic reasons, but that infernal doctrine that good and bad alike are all equally damned unless they believe in Jesus is a doctrine that all humanitarians and rationalists of every shade of opinion should certainly oppose.

NORMAN MURRAY.  
Montreal, Canada

1909—1909

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## AN APPEAL

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We, the undersigned, address you in the interest of humanity, and in commemoration of the heroes and heroines who have died for human liberty.

We believe that such a cause will strongly appeal to you. We are members of the Indiana Rationalist Association, The Buckeye Secular Union, The American Secular Union, The Rational Association of America, the Independent Religious Society of Chicago, and the Paine Historical Society; and are subscribers to all the leading Free Thought papers in America. We urge each one of you to unite at once with one or more Free Thought societies, and to subscribe for one or more Free Thought papers. We are perfectly sure if you do so that future generations will sing your praises and call you blessed. You will also have the proud satisfaction of seeing the stainless flag ramparts of the motley hosts of superstition.

We make this appeal in full confidence that you will help with your time and your money in the holy warfare of science against the priests of Jehovah. King, tyrants, popes and priests in all ages of the world, perverting the benefits and power which came from organization.

If gods and devils and priests, the evil enemies of the race, are ever overthrown, it must be done by organized Rationalism. There is no example in the whole history of the world where an organized priesthood ever relaxed its death grip from the throat of liberty. The Ethiopian could change his skin and the leopard his spots as easily as a Pope or a priest could become a lover of humanity and freedom.

We therefore beseech all Rationalists—every one of you—to get together in a compact organization, and help to inaugurate a reign of reason in the Republic bequeathed to us by Jefferson, Burke and Franklin.

The vile old strumpet of orthodox religion sits in the palaces and parlors of the world, and compels mankind to her bidding and to pay her homage. By the perfect organization of her ignorant dupes, she compels our politicians and our so-called statesmen to become her panders, procurers and tools for her infamous uses. This vile old hag intrudes herself at every birth, and at every death, at every marriage, and in our schools with her diabolical brooding; and would if unrestrained do so when she is in other lands where unrestrained and opposed. She would make of our own fair Columbia a despotism like that of Russia or Spain. The Free Thinkers actually outnumber the forces of superstition fully two to one, and if we were but organized we could easily rid our land of priestly rule and tyranny. Ladies and gentlemen, let us organize and get busy.

DR. T. J. BOWLES,  
Pres. Indiana Rationalist Association.

M. V. BUCK,  
SCHUYLER LATOURETTE.

JOHN C. BECK,  
JOHN H. PRINCE.

Officials Ind. R. A.

I heartily second the strong letter of Dr. Bowles. It sometimes seems that we are about all the religion and personal freedom we are entitled to, considering how little we have done and are doing to secure it. Compare our own slothful indifference with the cash

enthusiasm of the organized forces of superstition. The Catholics of Indianapolis recently raised a pile of money for a "nobility knows what" fund. In less than a week the Presbyterians of the same city raised \$15,000 for a new church building. There are now 175 churches in the city. A young Catholic tells me he makes \$400 a year selling subscriptions for a Catholic newspaper. There are scores of prosperous Catholic and Protestant papers, supported by public patronage and by endorsement simply because they are religious papers.

It is human nature that we acquire love for a cause by working and suffering for it. As lovers of mental liberty, let us wake up, and get in the fight. If there is a Free Thought society near let us join it. If none, let us organize one. Three energetic Free Thinkers in a township means that soon there will be twenty. I know for I've tried it.

Did you ever hear of a wealthy Free Thought editor? It is a constant wonder how some of our excellent and brave papers exist, the way they are neglected by some of their admiring friends, who hugly enjoy the contents, but never help to pay the heavy expenses. The circulation is necessarily limited, and the papers are boycotted by all the orthodox advertisers. I support them to the best of my limited ability, and would rather let my taxes go delinquent than to lapse my subscription to any of them. Within the past year I have given over \$50.00 of my slender means to the cause of Rationalism, and honestly I never enjoyed anything else quite as well. I shall beguile a goodly lump of life insurance when I go home. The suggestion of the good Dr. Bowles is fine. What can I do to help? I will contribute to the general cause only—not to any individual.

Fraternally,  
D. W. SANDERS.

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